

6

A
New Version
OF
DAVID'S PSALMS
Attempted.

Agreeable to the old Tunes

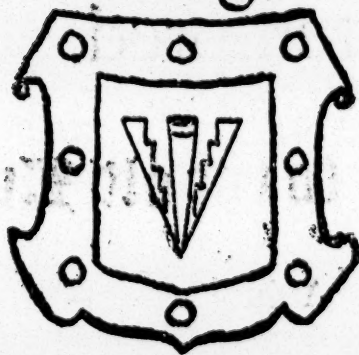
AND

Fitted to be Sung in Churches.

L O N D O N :

Printed for the Author. 1696.

Lord Crewe's
Charity



Durham, England

P
T
consider
very ill
the gene
as well
inc'd,
salms
reform
Church
rose A
them a
acqui
erfe
ough
nd lon
spig
at w
Voices.

THE PREFACE.

THE Author of this present Essay has long lamented the Unhappy Condition of our English Congregations; Psalmody having always been accounted a considerable part of Divine Worship, and they so very ill provided in that Particular. Rhime is the general Mode of our modern English Poetry, as well as that of other Nations; and I'm convinc'd, by a careful Examination, that the Psalms in Hebrew are often set off by it. The Reformed Churches have in their Solemn Church-Music generally follow'd that Pattern. These Anthems indeed, when well set, carry with them a noble and lofty Aire, but far above the Acquist of a Rustic Chorus. Our Rhiming Verse has short and easier Tunes, agreeable enough when smoothly sung, and quickly learnt, and long remember'd by the Congregation: And in spite of common Prejudice, I must believe, that were our Youth taught in time to tune their voices, and our Psalm-tunes sung continuately

NOTE

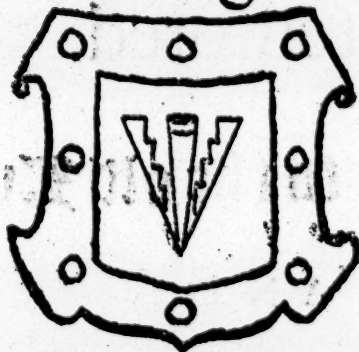
This volume has
tight binding and
effort has been made
to reduce the centres,
result in do

academ
microforms

has a very
and while every
made to repro-
s, force would
damage

emic
ns

Lord Crewe's
Charity



Durham, England

THE PREFACE.

THE Author of this present Essay has long lamented the Unhappy Condition of our English Congregations; Psalmody having always been accounted a considerable part of Divine Worship, and they so very ill provided in that Particular. Rhime is the general Mode of our modern English Poetry, as well as that of other Nations; and I'm convinc'd, by a careful Examination, that the Psalms in Hebrew are often set off by it. The Reformed Churches have in their Solemn Church-Music generally follow'd that Pattern. These Anthems indeed, when well set, carry with them a noble and lofty Aire, but far above the Acquests of a Rustic Chorus. Our Rhiming Verse has short and easier Tunes, agreeable enough when smoothly sung, and quickly learnt, and long remember'd by the Congregation: And in spite of common Prejudice, I must believe, that were our Youth taught in time to tune their voices, and our Psalm-tunes sung continually

The PREFACE.

without the *Breaks of Reading every Line*, our plain Church-Musick would be as harmonious as that of either Dutch or French Assemblies. But while other Nations have their Psalms translated into well-polish'd and weighty Verse, our old Version is so very lame and imperfect, so much beneath the Majesty of the Original, as almost to render the Service scandalous; and the Phrase oft-times so obsolete, as to make it more unintelligible than hard Words or new-fangled Expressions. Several worthy Persons have charitably endeavour'd to supply this Defect, Sir Philip Sidney, King James the First, (whose Edition is the only one back'd by publick Authority) Mr. Sandys, Mr. May, Mr. Barton, Mr. Burnaby, Sir John Denham, Mr. Smith, Dr. Ford, Dr. Patric, and what's more than all, Dr. Woodford, in his pious and incomparable Paraphrase, and lately Mr. Brady and Mr. Tate, have given us a short Specimen of a New Version. Of these Dr. Woodford and Mr. Sandys are above the reach of our ordinary Assemblies; Mr. Barton and others heavy; Dr. Patric plain and unpoetical; Mr. B's soft and easie but altogether inartificial; Mr. Smith's sometimes too much strein'd and affected; Dr. Ford is much the best yet extant, that's applicable to our common Tunes. But there's none yet so finish'd, but it leaves room for new Attempts and numerous Amendments, both as to Style and

Sence

The PREFACE.

Sence. As an Evidence of this, the present Undertaker has endeavour'd to reach such a smoothness as might gratifie the Ear, such a fulness as might in some measure explain the Text, such loftiness as might shadow out the Original, which is unquestionably the noblest Poesie in the World, and yet such Plainness as might be intelligible to the meanest Capacity: And, however he may have fail'd, he's satisfied th^t these things are attainable even in our common decry'd Rhimes. He uses no Exotic Words to amuse, but thinks true English acceptable every where, and that the most Illiterate Rustics would soon acquire a better Language, if they met with it in those Songs of Sacred Praise in which they delight, and which they use often to commit to Memory.

The Text he follows is the Original; in Difficulties he consulted the Polyglot, and the Critics Epitomiz'd by Mr. Pool, our Learned Dr. Hammond, the Greek Version of Apollinarius, Dr. Duport, Buchanan, Beza's Paraphrase and Version, and most of our English Translators before mention'd. His Style is varied according to the Subject of the Psalm, sometimes plain and easie, sometimes lax and paraphrastical, sometimes curt and close, and sometimes lofty and strong, but all Intelligible. He has kept to that old Prophetical Sence the Apostles and Ancient Fathers of the Christian Church understood them in, and which some modern Cri-

The PREFACE.

tics have done very ill to relinquish : This he thought necessary, because of the Growth and Impudence of damnable Heresies in these days, and the Carelesness or false Politics of unthinking Men, who easily throw up the plainest Texts against impious Errors, to insulting Adversaries. If this Attempt be acceptable, the Author will endeavour to do farther Right to the Holy Composers of these Divine Anthems : And if the Governours of our Church shall think fit to substitute this in the room of the old imperfect Translation, the Stationers, who seem most concern'd in the support of that, shall have no reason to complain of their Loss by their antiquated Copy. It's hoped this Tryal is not more amiss than those of others ; but after all, the Author's satisfied, that a good measure of David's Spirit is the best Qualification for the Interpreting of David's Psalms.

Farewell.

A
New Version
O F
DAVID's Psalms, &c.

PSAL. I. *As the 100 Psalms.*

A Thousand Blessings crown his Head,
whose Heart all impious counsels flys
Who hates those paths where Sinners
And God and all that's good despise. [tread,

He with unfeign'd Delight surveys
His great Creator's mystic Laws,
approves his happy Nights and Days,
To study Good's eternal Cause.

His whole Designs are just and blest;
his Hopes and every Action thrives;
and when his mouldring Clay's at rest,
His fragrant Memory survives.

So fruitful Trees near gentle Streams
 Their Burthens to perfection bring,
 Unhurt by Summers scorching Beams,
 And flourish with a constant Spring.

4 But the lost Sinner toils in vain
 With Sins false Joys to ease his Mind ;
 God scatters all his useless Gain
 Like Chaff before the blustering Wind.

5, 6 Let the last dreadful Trumpet sound,
 His Head the Just undaunted rears,
 While Woes the sinful Soul confound,
 With terrors rack'd, and torn with fears
His own their Mighty Master knows,
 And loves, and keeps, and wisely guides
 But sinning Man, thro' various Woes,
 To Hell's dark Pains unminded slides.

P S A L. 2.

1 **G**OD's wise Decrees are fix'd and strong
 As his Eternal Throne ;
 Why then should Heathen fools so long
 His sacred Power disown ?
 Vain are their Hopes, vain every thought,
 And all their words are vain ;
 For what God's mighty Hands have wrought
 God's mighty Hands maintain.

2 Weak Kings with flattr'ing Slaves combine,
And fret with groundless rage;
Against their God their Counsels joyn,
Against his Christ engage.

3 Come let us break their Bonds, they say,
Throw off their slavish Yoke,
Why should we unknown Lords obey,
Or unknown Powers invoke?

4 But he who crown'd with Bliss resides
Above the lofty Skies,
Laughs at their Madness and their Pride,
And scorns their Policies. [Voice

5 From thund'ring Clouds God's dreadful
Distracts their trembling Souls,
And in his wrath their Plots destroys,
And thus their Rage controuls.

6 Rave on, unhappy fools! confound
Your envious thoughts in vain;
My King sits high on *Sion*, crown'd,
And I'll his Rights maintain.

The Second Part.

7 The Son with Love all Heavenly mild
His awful silence breaks,
His Look to Pity reconcil'd,
Thus with his Language speaks;
Hear me, ah stupid World! declare
Th' unchangeable Decree;

Thus

Thus my Eternal Father sware
Before Time's birth to me.

Thou art my Son, begot by me
On this eternal day ;

8 Ask it, and I'll invest in thee
The whole Creations sway.

To thee the World, when made, shall bow,
Thee all its Hosts adore,

The Nations shall thy Rights allow,
Thy Goodness all implore.

9 Thy Rod the Rebel Tribes shall feel ;
Thy Scepter, forc'd, obey,

Crush'd by thy Hand as harden'd Steel
Would dash the crumbling Clay.

10 Be wise ye Heaven born Kings, be wise
All who on Earth command,

Adore your Lord with humble Eyes,
With awe before him stand !

11 Joys, but with Fears allay'd, express
And early homage pay,

Least in Rebellions wild excess
You lose the perfect way.

12 Bow, bow your Necks ! for if his wrath
in angry Tempests rise,

Happy, oh happy's he whose Faith
On him secur'd relays.

PSAL.

PSAL. 3.

- H**ow are my Foes, dear Lord, increas'd!
 What throngs against me rise!
 How they to wound my mournful Breast
 A thousand Scoffs devise!
 In God is all his Help, they cry,
 On God his Hopes depend;
 Yet see, *that* God can help deny,
 And leave his hopeless Friend!
 Yet thou art still my Shield, my Praise,
 My Strength, and when to thee
 My Voice in humble Vows I raise,
 Thy Goodness answers me.
 Safely I sleep, and safely wake,
 In thy protection sure
 No gathering Hosts my Heart can shake,
 My Ruine none procure.
 Rise then, my God, and save me now,
 Thy weighty Anger broke
 Their teeth, and all my Rebels bow
 Beneath thy dreadful stroke.
 O send thy saving Health and Grace,
 Let all thy Blessings flow,
 And to thy *Jacob's* faithful Race
 Thy promis'd Favours show.

PSAL.

P S A L. 4.

- 1 **O** Righteous God, whose Justice free'd
 My Innocence before,
 O let my present Prayers succeed,
 While I thy Help implore.
- 2 Vain Men, who by a fond mistake
 My well built Faith disgrace,
 And Vanity your shelter make,
 And empty Lyes embrace !
- 3 See how God singles out the Just,
 His own peculiar choice ;
 See how his Love rewards my trust,
 And hears my supplyant Voice !
- 4 Fear then, O fear Him ! sin no more,
 Your own false Hearts survey ;
 Examin all your Actions o're,
 Your secret Crimes display.
- 5 Pardon with silent tears entreat,
 And for an Offering give
 An upright Heart without Deceit,
 And on his Promise live.
- 6 Mean Souls Earths low Delights advance,
 And fading wealth embrace :
 But grant us Lord thy Countenance,
 And thy Enlightning Grace.
- 7 So shall more Bliss my Heart enlarge,
 My Breast more Joys contain

Than

Than theirs whom Wines and Oils o'ercharge
 And who in Plenty reign.
 8 No terrors then shall break my Rest,
 No Fears disturb my Sleep,
 While me thy powerful Arms invest,
 And safe from Dangers keep.

P S A L. 5.

1 **L**ORD, hear me from thy blest Abode,
 . My Meditations weigh ;
 2 Attend my Cries, my King, my God,
 When I devoutly pray.
 3 Early my Voice, my Heart, my Eyes
 I toward thy Throne will raise ;
 4 For impious Fools thy thoughts despise,
 And all their sinful ways.
 5 No Fools thy dreadful frowns can bear,
 No sinful wretch thy Hate ;
 6 Lyes, Murder, Fraud *their* Objects are,
 And for thy Vengeance wait.
 7 Now to thy Courts, dear Lord, I'll go,
 Safe in thy Mercys store,
 And toward thy sacred Altars bow,
 And in thy Fear adore.
 8 Lord, lead me in thy righteous way
 to 'scape my watchful Foes ;
 To me thy Wildoms Rules display,
 thy safer Paths disclose.

9 My

- 9 My Foes in Fraud and Falshood deal,
 their inward parts are vile ;
 Their throats devouring Graves conceal,
 their flattering tongues beguile.
- 10 Destroy them, Lord ! in their own Arts
 the Rebel-Brutes confound,
- 11 So Joys from merry faithful Hearts
 In lasting Hymns shall sound.
- 12 For, Lord, thy Favour on the Just
 In mighty showers descends ;
 Thy Goodness all that on thee trust
 As some firm Shield defends.

P S A L. 6.

- 1 **R**ebuke me not in Anger, Lord,
 Nor in thy Wrath correct,
 2 But Health to my sad state afford ;
 My wretched state respect.
- 3 I sink with Woes ; but, Lord, how long
 Shall I no Answer have !
- 4 Turn ! free my soul from Fetters strong,
 My soul in mercy save !
- 5 In Death none thinks of thee, no praise,
 No thanks from Graves we hear :
 And while by grief my strength decays,
 I'm daily entring there.
- 6 All Night my easeless Bed with tears,
 With tears my Couch o'erflows :

Dim

Dim Eyes and hastening Age appears
thro' my afflicting Foes.

But see one Beam of cheerful Light !

Be gone ye sinful Crew :

My Prayers are in my Maker's sight,

And all my tears in view ;

Blush then, mistaken Fools, for shame,

Since God has heard my Cries ;

Blush, fly, be gone ! in his great Name

My strength, my safety lies.

P S A L. 7.

I N thee my God, my Lord, I trust,

O now my Foes controul,

Left Lion like with force unjust

He tear my helpless Soul.

If e'er against my Prince, if e'er

My very thoughts rebel'd,

If I his Crown unjustly wear,

Or e'er against him swel'd.

If e'er I War for Peace repay'd ;

Nay, if my Filial Care

My King my Foe unjustly made,

Did never kindly spare,

Then let my bloodiest Foes prevail,

And hurl my Glories down,

My Life with due success assail,

And spurn my envy'd Crown.

6 But

6 But rouse thy Fury, Lord, and break
 My Adversary's rage ;
 Rouse it, and in thy Judgments speak,
 And for my Rights engage :
 7 So shall the Multitude surround
 thy Courts with grateful Praise.
 Rise then, and with bright Glories crown'd
 thy fear'd Tribunal raise.

The Second Part.

8 O judge the World, and judge me too,
 By thy impartial Laws,
 And then my Actions just and true
 Shall vindicate my Cause.
 9 All ill for wicked Souls remains,
 But firm the Just shall stand ;
 For God, who tries the Hearts and Reins
 Will all that's right command.
 10 My God's my Shield, that God whose grace
 the upright Heart protects.
 11 He's just, and on the Sinners race
 Each day his wrath reflects.
 12 If still his Sins the Sinner loves,
 His dreadful sword he whets,
 And oft his deadly Bowstring proves
 his Bow as oft he sets.
 13 Death's tools are fix'd, his shafts prepar'd
 Against his fiery Foes,
 14 While big with Hate and Lyes declar'd
 the teeming Sinner goes :

[11]

- 15 He plots, and is himself ensnar'd
 In Nets himself had spread ;
 16 His Pains and Rage recoiling hard
 On his own impious Head.
 17 I'll praise the Lord ; high as his Fame
 My lofty Praise shall fly ;
 I'll sing to his illustrious Name
 Who ever lives on high.

P S A L. 8.

- 1 **O** Mighty God, how great thy Name
 Thro' every Climate flies !
 Thy glorious Praise, thy spreading Fame
 Surmounts the lofty Skies.
 2 Thy strength in Babes and Sucklings shines
 To quell thy senceless Foes,
 To dash the Rebel-World's designs,
 And their wild rage oppose.
 3 When I the liquid Skies survey,
 Stretch'd by thy curious hand,
 How Moon and Stars thy Rules obey,
 And fixt in order stand ;
 4 Lord, how has Man thy thoughts possess !
 Poor Man thy smiles obtain'd !
 Who sinn'd, yet with a Saviour blest,
 New hopes of Life has gain'd !
 5 Yet tho' for our lov'd sakes he took
 Less than an Angels state,

B

ALL

All Graces in his Godlike look
 With humble greatness sate.
 6 T' his Laws the whole Creation yields
 And at his footstool bow :
 7 The Beasts which trace the woods and fields
 His Sovereign Rights allow.
 8 To him the Feather'd Hosts resign,
 And his Commands obey :
 And Fish, which thro' the Ocean's Brine
 Divide their wondrous way.
 9 O mighty God, how great thy Name
 Thro' every Climate flies !
 And with thy Praise, thy spreading Fame
 surmounts the lofty Skies !

PSAL. 15.

1 **H**OW blest, how glorious is the place
 Where thy great Name resides !
 How blest the man whom there thy Grace
 From impious Crowds divides !
 But, Lord, what Gifts can fix him there,
 What wondrous Virtues raise
 Man's soul to suit thy Temple where
 They sing thy boundless Praise ?
 2 He only with just Hopes is blest
 Of that Cœlestial state,
 Who hides no Envy in his Breast,
 Nor deadly lurking Hate ;

But

But true and fix'd in e'ery thought,
 In all his actions just;
 His Lips with upright Virtue fraught,
 His Word commanding Trust.
 No Falshood e're perverts his Heart;
 No Lyes defile his Tongue;
 Nor dares he with deceitful Art
 Contrive his Neighbor's wrong:
 Those senseless Tales by malice rais'd
 To blast his fragrant Name,
 He scorns, and all those Scandals blaz'd
 Against his rising Fame.

The Second Part.

That impious Wretch who proudly flights
 His Great Creator's Laws,
 Against his sacred Essence fights,
 And backs a Godless Cause;
 That vile, that despicable Slave,
 His nobler thoughts despise:
 But smiles the Good shall always have,
 And kindness in his Eyes.
 No loss, no gain his Justice bows
 Or makes his Promise weak:
 He'll ne'r infringe his sacred Vows,
 Nor solemn Oaths will break:
 Boundless and wide his Bounty flows,
 And base Extortion hates;
 Large as Mens wants his Mercy grows;
 His Purse their Wealth creates.

He loves the Innocent, and strives
 Their Virtues to protect :
 From him no Bribe can buy their lives,
 Nor Falshood gain respect.
 Thus shall he reach thy Holy place ;
 There grow and flourish there,
 And in the Glories of thy Face
 No Loss nor Dangers fear.

PSAL. 20. *As the 122. proper Tune.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord accept thy Prayers
 When press'd with weighty Cares
 Thee his immortal Name defend :
- 2 May his assisting Grace
 Come from his Holy place,
 His strength from *Sion's* Hill descend !
- 3 O may thy Sacrifice
 Right from his Altars rise,
 Consum'd at once by Flames divine !
- 4 He give thee wish'd success,
 And all thy Counsels bless,
 While we in thanks and praise combine !
- 5 With joys triumphant we
 Thy great Salvation see ;
 In God's great Name our Standards high
 With cheerful hands we raise,
 And humbly grateful Praise ;
 Thy God to all thy Prayers reply !

- 6 He from his Holy Throne
Will his Anointed own,
On him his God's Salvation flows :
That Health and Safety strong
Which to our God belong
His mighty Arm alone bestows.
- 7 Some in their Chariots most,
And some in Horses boast ;
But we in God's more powerful Name :
8 They quickly broken, all
With weighty ruines fall,
While we our Saviour's strength proclaim ;
Thro' that we strongly rise,
And with erected Eyes
The Spring of all our strength adore.
- 9 Accept the Vows we bring,
O thou our God, our King,
When we (distress'd) thy help implore !

Another of the same, as the 100 Psalm.

- 1 **T**HE Lord in dangerous times receive
Thy Prayers ; his Name defend thee
2 Thy wants with holy aids relieve, (still !
And help thee from his sacred Hill !
- 3 O may He all thy Vows record,
Consume thy grateful Sacrifice !
4 Success to thy vast thoughts afford,
And bless each mighty Enterprize !

5 So in his Health triumphant we
Will raise our happy Standards high
In God's great Name, while kindly he
Shall all thy just demands supply.

6 Now, now I know the Lord his Health
On his Anointed King bestows,
Whose strength, whose happiness and wealth
From his Celestial Treasure flows.

7 Some trust in well-arm'd Chariots, some
In Horses and in Horsemen's force.
In God's more powerful Name we come,
And have to him alone recourse.

8 They quickly bend and quickly fall ;
We higher rise and stronger stand.
9 Help Lord, and when distress'd we call,
For us thy Royal Aids command.

P S A L. 21. *As the 100.*

1 **T**HE King shall in thy Strength be glad,
And in thy saving Health rejoyce,
2 Since he, Bless'd Lord, his wishes had,
And thou hast heard his suppliant Voice.

3 Thy Goodness all his Hopes prevents,
And crowns his head with envy'd Gold :

4 He beg'd for Life, thy Love consents
He long may live, and ne'r be Old.

5 Thy

- 5 Thy great Salvation set him high,
 With all Majestic Glories crown'd :
 6 On him Eternal Blessings lye ;
 Thy Smiles his Heart with Joys surround.
 7 The King still trusts in God most high,
 And his Mercy firmly stands :
 8 No Foes beyond his reach can fly,
 None 'scape his long revenging Hands.
 9 Lord, when thy wasting Fury burns,
 Its Flames shall such at once consume,
 10 Till it their stock on Earth o'returns,
 And all their wretched race entomb.
 11 Against thee they conspir'd and fram'd
 Such Plots as no effect could take.
 12 O let them turn their Backs asham'd !
 Thine Arrows sharp against them make.
 13 In thine own strength exalted, Lord,
 In strength exalt thy dreadful name ;
 While we with Songs thy strength record,
 And all thy mighty acts proclaim.

P S A L. 22.

- 1 **W**HY, O my God, my God, O why
 Halt thou forsaken me ?
 How long far from my dreadful Cry
 Shall thy Salvation be ?
 2 To thee, my God, I cry by day ;
 To thee by night I cry ;

B 4

With

With tears, with restless tears I pray ;
Yet unregarded dye.

3 Yet thou art Holy, Lord, and Pure,
With faithful Praise ador'd ;

4 Our Fathers Hopes in thee were sure,
Thy Help their Souls restor'd :

5 On thee they call'd, and hope'd in thee,
Yet no Disgrace receiv'd ;

Thy Hand procur'd their Liberty,
And all their Wants reliev'd.

6 But I, a wretched Worm, the Name
Of Man in vain have won ;

By Men expos'd to common shame,
And all the Vulgars scorn :

7 Their Lips, their Heads, when I appear,
With scoffs disdainful move ;

8 Let's see, they cry, if God can hear,
If God his Cause approve.

God was his Hope, in God his Trust,
On God the Wretch rely'd ;

God, if he needs will have him, must
Espouse his Darling's side.

9 But from my Mothers Breasts and Womb
Wast thou my God, my Guide ;

10 Thou bore'st me from my youthful bloom
And from my Infant tide.

11 Hence on thy Grace I still depend ;
O never cast me by !

For daily Woes my life attend,
And no Assistant's nigh.

The

The Second Part.

- 12 Against me mighty Sins engage,
And impious Hosts prevail ;
- 13 And me with Lions rampant rage
And open mouths assail :
- 14 My life like sliding water goes,
My Bones disjointed stare ;
My Heart with cares dissolving flows,
Like Wax in scorching Air.
- 15 My strength as Potsherds dries, my tongue
Cleaves to my parching Jaws,
And I must soon to Dust belong,
By Deaths commanded Laws.
- 16 For impious Dogs around me meet,
And all the Godless Crew,
They pierce my bleeding Hands and Feet,
And Wounds with Wounds renew.
- 17 Each Passenger may tell my Bones
As here I rack'd appear,
Yet they in scorn can gaze, while groans
Of Death my vitals tear.
- 18 My Robes my cruel Murderers seize,
And carefully divide,
Where for their shares their doubtful Pleas
Impartial Lots decide.
- 19 But leave me not, my Strength, my Lord,
O fly to rescue me ;
- 20 My helpless Soul O from the Sword
And bloody Dogs set free !

21 From

- 21 From Lions Mouths and brutish might
O save and hear my Prayer,
22 So I'll in all thy Churches fight
thy Name, thy Praise declare.

The Third Part.

- 23 O ye who fear the Lord, with Praise
His healing Smiles implore :
Ye Faithful Seed, his Glories raise,
His sacred Name adore :
24 He ne'r despis'd nor cast aside
the Poor's afflicted Case,
Nor hid his Face ; but when I cry'd,
Bestow'd his wonted Grace.
25 To thee, my God, I'll lofty Praise
In vast Assemblies sing ;
My humblest Vows on Holy days
Before thy Servants bring.
26 The Poor shall eat to fulness there,
thy Saints thy Praises sound ;
Their joyful hearts with Heavenly Cheer
And Life-eternal crown'd.
27 Thee Earths wide-stretching Bounds shall
the World thy Grace proclaim, [know
To thee the farthest Nations bow,
And bear thy sacred Name :
28 For God above the Nations reigns,
And o'er the World presides ;
His Word their quiet state maintains,
And truth to all divides.

- 29 The Rich shall all his Rights allow,
And just Obedience pay ;
The Poor to him shall gladly bow,
And his Commands obey.
Nay, those whose drooping Souls draw near
the dark devouring Grave,
Shall at his Name reviv'd appear,
And his protection crave.
- 30 Their Seed their gracious God shall serve
And in his Family
Their happy states and names preserve
And all his Goodness see.
- 31 They shall his Righteousness to all
Succeeding Ages show,
That those to come on God may call,
And all his Wonders know.

PSAL. 23. *As the 100.*

- 1 **A** Midst a thousand wants and woes,
My Soul on God for help relies ;
My Grievs his pitying Wisdom knows,
My wants his pitying Love supplies.
- 2 He like a careful Shepherd leads
Me on thro' truths delightful ways ;
My Foot sure by his conduct treads,
And ne'r from paths of Wisdom strays.

- 3 As verdant Meads and cooling Streams
New Health on sickly Flocks bestow,
So in thy Favour's quick'ning Beams
I sweetly live and kindly grow.
- 4 Thro' Death's dark shades I fearless move,
By thee my God secur'd from harms;
Thy very Rod demonstrates Love;
thy Staff supports my wearied Arms.
- 5 What tho' an envious World may frown
On my sublime Delights? from thee
Sweet Wines and Oils my Bowls shall crown,
And boundless Plenty compass me.
- 6 In thee, my God, I'm always blest;
On thee my Hopes, my Joys, depend;
I'll in thy sacred Temple rest,
My Life in lasting Praises spend.

P S A L. 24.

- 1 **T** His Earth, the World, their Hosts, their
To God above belong, [Store
- 2 Who rais'd it on the Seas, and o're
The Waters built it strong.
- 3 Yet fix'd in one selected place
His own Immortal Name:
But, O what Man can find such Grace
Dear Lord, to reach the same?

What

What happy man divinely blest'd

Attend thy Altars there,

Or of a Seat secure possess'd,

Before thy Face appear ?

4 He whose pure Hands are free from Blood,

From all Corruptions free,

Whose honest Heart sincerely good

Abhors Hypocrisie.

Who ne'r in thoughts or actions vain

His active Soul employ'd,

Nor falsely swore, nor liv'd in pain

to make his Promise void.

5 To such a man God's goodness will

Unfading Blessings give :

Reward him well, and let him still

On his Salvation live.

6 Such with unwearied Diligence

Seek God's Eternal Name,

And *Israelites* by Faith commence,

And *Israel's* portion claim.

7 Ye Doors, ye Gates eternal, high

Your blissful Arches raise ;

The King of glorious Majesty

Shall enter then with praise.

8 O who's that great, that glorious King ?

'Tis God the mighty Lord,

Whose Strength his happy servants sing,

And wondrous Wars record.

9 Ye Doors, ye Gates eternal, high,
Your blissful Arches raise;
The King of glorious Majesty
Shall enter then with praise !

10 O who's that great, that glorious King?
It's God the mighty Lord
Of Hosts, whose Praise his subjects sing,
Whose Honours all record.

PSAL. 29. *As the 112.*

1 **C**OME ! to the Lord a sacrifice
Of fattest Rams from *Bashan* bring !
This Name let mighty Princes rise,
2 His strength and brighter glories sing !
Just Honours to their Lord allow,
And in his sacred Temples bow.
3 Hark how the Lord from Clouds above
In cracks of dreadful thunder speaks !
4 With horrid force his thunders move,
His Voice with dismal glory breaks.
5 Down fall the lofty Cedars torn,
With its tempestuous force o'erborn.
6 The Hills their strong Foundations leave;
the rooted hills before him shake ;
Before his Voice the Mountains cleave,
And *Libanus* and *Hermon* quake ;
And Earth as sudden motion yields
As Heifers skipping o're the Fields.

7 His

7 His Voice shoots out with pointed flames,
 8 And shocks the Desarts all around ;
 Its force the trembling Wild proclaims,
 9 And at his Thunders awful sound
 The Forest Herds and trembling Deer
 Cast out their unform'd Young for fear.
 His Lightnings strip the Forests round ;
 10 His strength the swelling floods restrains;
 In Temples all his Praises sound,
 And he a King eternal reigns ;
 11 That God who *his* with strength endues
 And with the sweets of Peace pursues.

P S A L. 39.

I Said, when wicked men were by,
 I'll watch my sinful ways ;
 For oft my words at random fly,
 My tongue, unbridled, strays.
 2 So I a while in silence stood,
 And curb'd my hasty tongue ;
 Nay, I forbore to talk of Good,
 And still my Grievs grew strong.
 3 My Heart within my Bosom glow'd ;
 My Thoughts inflam'd my Breast ;
 At last my Words in torrents flow'd,
 And thus my Thoughts exprest :
 4 My final Doom, Lord, let me know,
 How far my days extend,
 That I may all my thoughts bestow
 to weigh my latest End. 5 Lo!

5 Lo! thou hast made my days a span,
A point compar'd with Thee ;
And all the wretched Race of Man
Is empty Vanity.

6 Man, as a shadow, vainly moves
And spends himself in vain ;
In vain that useless Wealth improves
Which unknown Heirs may gain.

7 On whom then, Lord, should I rely ?
My Hopes are all in thee ;

8 Save me from all my sins, that I
No scorn to Fools may be.

9 The strokes on me thy Hands had laid
I humbly silent bear :

10 O cure the wounds those strokes have made
And ease my wasting Fear !

11 When Man for sin thy Hands correct
His broken Beauties ly,
Like Clothes which fretting Moths affect,
and prove He's Vanity :

12 O view my Tears, attend my Cry,
My supplications hear !
For like a stranger here am I
as all my Fathers were.

13 O spare a while ! my sufferings ease,
My failing Faith restore,
E're Death my fainting spirits seize,
and I appear no more.

PSAL. 43.

BY Men of Blood beset, distress'd
 By all the treacherous Crew,
 My Prayers to pitying Heaven address'd,
 For life and safety sue.
 O thou Just God, assert my Cause,
 My sinking Cause maintain ;
 And try'd by thy impartial Laws,
 Let me thy smiles regain !
 Thy Strength, Dear God, is all my stay ;
 Why, from thy presence thrown,
 Must I, despairing all the day,
 Beneath Oppressions groan ?
 O, yet thy Truth, thy Favours lend,
 My wandering steps to guide,
 Till I thy holy Mount ascend,
 And near thy House reside !
 There I'll before thine Altars bow,
 And cheerful Anthems sing ;
 Thy Praise, Bless'd God, my Harp shall shew
 on every tuneful string.
 Why so dejected then my Soul
 Within my wounded Breast ?
 Why should Despair thy thoughts controul,
 Or break thy needful rest ?

C

Trust

Trust yet in God ! I'm sure my part
 I in his Love shall gain,
 And God within my grateful Heart
 Enthron'd in Joys, shall reign.

PSAL. 51.

Rous'd from a deadly sinful Dream,
 with guilty pangs of Conscience torn,
 I prostrate here without one Beam
 Of comfort, lye a wretch forlorn.

Mercy to me, O mercy show !

A wretch thy Mercy, Lord, implores ;
 2 O let thy Mercy's boundless flow
 Wash out my Sin's prodigious scores !

O wash, O cleanse me, Lord, from all
 My Actions treacherous and base :

3 Now I, alas ! my Guilt recall,
 It ever stands before my Face.

Lord, how it racks my soul ! how strong
 Guilt's terrible convulsion moves !
 What chains of woes it drags along !
 How bitter Sin's remembrance proves !

4 Against thee, thee alone, I've sinn'd,
 And boldly trespass'd in thy sight,
 That thy righteous truth might find,
 Thy judgment pure, thy Sentence right.

5 Shap'd in Iniquity at first,

At first in Sin and Guilt conceiv'd ;

I was originally curs'd,

My Soul of Innocence bereav'd.

Hence sprung the fatal Fruit, and Hell

With ease my native proneness won ;

My careless Pride unguarded fell

With shameless actual guilt undone.

6 If inward Truth, Lord, pleases thee,

O let my Heart thy Wisdom know,

7 Wash, purge me thoroughly ! then I'll be

More white, more pure again than Snow.

8 So shall I feel thy Beams again,

Thy Sweets shall fill my pardon'd soul,

My Bones long justly rack'd with pain,

With balmy Joys be sound and whole.

The Second Part,

9 From all my Crimes, Lord, turn thy Face,

No more my cancel'd Errors view :

10 O change my Heart, and by thy Grace

My Mind with heavenly thoughts renew !

11 Cast me not off, nor from my Breast

Thy sacred Influence remove,

12 But with thy saving Pleasures blest

In good my forward Soul improve.

13 Then Sinners I'll bring home to thee ;

Transgressors shall thy Laws esteem :

- 14 From Blood, dear Saviour rescue me,
My Soul from crimson Guilt redeem.
- 15 If thou, blest Lord, my Lips unseal,
My tongue thy sacred Name shall raise,
Thy Love my flowing Songs reveal,
My Mouth thy righteous Judgments praise.
- 16 No bloody sacrifice with thee,
No Fumes from steaming Altars rais'd
Prevail; else numerous Herds for me
Had on a thousand Altars blaz'd.
- 17 A Soul with sense of Sin depress'd,
O God's thy grateful'st Sacrifice;
A broken Heart, a contrite Breast
thy tender Mercies ne'r despise!
- 18 Lord, in thy Love thy Church defend,
Its ruin'd Hopes and Walls repair;
- 19 So shall our favour'd Vows ascend
With righteous and accepted Prayer.

P S A L. 84.

- 1 **A**H! how my Soul thy dwelling place,
Great Lord of Hosts, admires!
Thy sacred Courts, thy glorious Face
My longing soul desires.
- 2 In thee the God of Life alone
My Flesh, my Heart rejoyce,
To see thy sacred Earthly throne,
And hear thy Heavenly voice.

Around each House the Sparrows find
the Swallows build a Nest,
Till Wings with downy Feather's line'd
their callow Broods invest.

But ah thine Altars ! wretched I
Near them no more can sing,
While banish'd from thy House, I fly ;
Dear Lord, my God, my King !

Ah happy Souls, who in thy House
Can live and praise thy Name ! [dows
Thrice blest whose Arms thy Strength en-
Whose Hearts thy Dictates frame !
Tho' thro' the Vale of tears they go,
Their Eyes with sorrows drown'd,
Yet Blessings on their Teachers flow,
With Fruit their Pains are crown'd.

The Second Part.

From Strength to Strength, from Grace to
th' improving Learners go ; [Grace
Till them the God of Gods embrace,
And in his Rest bestow ;
My Prayer, great God of Hosts receive,
And kind assistance bring !
Consider, O our Shield ! relieve
thy once Anointed King !
For in thy Courts one day appears
More blest'd, more sweet to me
Than could a thousand thousand years
At any distance be.

I'd rather keep the Door when there
thy sacred Presence dwells,
Than reign in lofty Houses where
their sinful treasure swells.

11 For God their Sun, their Shield, to those
Will Grace and Glory give,
Who with his Laws sincerely close,
And in Obedience live.

12 Happy, O happy that good man,
Great God of Hosts must be,
Who through all Worldly Changes can
Unmov'dly trust in thee.

PSAL. 100.

1 O All ye happy souls, with Praise
Before our Mighty Lord appear:
To him your cheerful Voices raise;
His Name adore with humblest Fear!

2 He's our Almighty God; not we,
But He to us our substance gave:
He's Ours, we His, those sheep which he
Dy'd by his own pure Blood to save.

3 O then approach his Courts with Praise,
And in his Gates his Glories sing!
On all his own appointed days
Your sacrifice of Praises bring!

4 He's always kind and always good ;
His Favour's great, his Mercy's sure ;
His Truth has ever firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

PSAL 103.

1 **O** Praise the Lord with grateful Joy,
My tongue, my soul his Praises sing !
2 O let his Praise thy All employ,
His Loves to kind remembrance bring !
3 'Tis He forgives thy Sins, 'tis he
thy Weakness heals, thy Plagues removes,
4 Redeems thy Life from Misery.
And crowns thee with his tenderest loves.
5 With Good he fills thy *Youth* and *Age*,
thy *Age* with vigorous *Youth* renews :
6 His arms for those oppress'd engage,
and He their fainting Foes pursues.
7 He to his *Jacob's* race of old
By *Moses* made his Precepts known;
He by our Jesus still unfolds
His Will and Kindness tow'rd his Own.
8 Our Lord is good, his Mercy's great,
His Anger only just and slow ;
9 He'll not too oft his strokes repeat,
Nor always let his Vengeance glow.

10 So with our selves he dealt, our Crimes
Tho' foul, with gentlest Rods he lash'd;
His pitying Eyes a thousand times
Our still repeated Follies pass'd.

11 His Goodness so defends his Own
As upper Skies our humbler Earth,
12 And far from us our sins has thrown,
As Sun sets from the Morning's birth.

The Second Part.

13 More Love to pious Souls he shows
Than Fathers to their darling Heirs;
14 And Nature's frail contexture knows,
And not *our* strength with *His* compares.

15 Weak Man like early Buds may rise,
Or Flowers which paint the cheerful Plains,
16 But struck with blasting Winds he dies,
And not his House nor Name remains,

17 But God's unfailing Grace pursues
The Just and all their faithful seed,
18 Who on his sacred Covenant muse,
And all his righteous Precepts heed.

19 On high our God has fix'd his Throne,
And thence his boundless Empire guides;
And o're the subject World alone
His Arbitrary Will presides.

- 20 Praise him ye Angel-flames, whose might
Does in compleat Obedience shine !
21 O praise him all ye sons of Light,
Blest Ministers of Love divine !
22 O all his Works, your Maker praise !
Praise thro' his spacious Empire sing !
While I with grateful Anthems raise
New Honours to my glorious King.

PSAL. 113.

- 1 O Praise the Lord ! His Praises sing,
Ye servants of th' Eternal King,
2 Bless, ever bless his sacred Name !
3 From the first blush of dawning Day
Till Night her sable wings display,
Adore his Name, his Praise proclaim !
4 The Lord o're all the Nations reigns,
The Lord's Immortal Glory stains
The Beauties of a cloudless Sky.
5 What Man, what God would we compare
With him whose lofty Dwellings are
Above all Heavens exalted high ?
6 Yet thence his Providential Eyes
With care survey the rolling Skies,
And all our fordid World below.
7 He helps the Wretched from the Floor,
And from the Dunghill lifts the Poor,
His Goodness and his Strength to show.
8 Hence

8 Thence he exalts their humbler Fate
 To Majesty and Princely state,
 And bids 'em Crowns and Scepters claim.
 9 He makes the barren Womb conceive,
 O'erjoy'd an hopeful Race to leave.
 O praise, O ever praise his Name!

PSAL. 117.

1 **O** Praise th' Eternal Lord,
 Ye Nations all around!
 His Goodness thro' the World record,
 His glorious Acts resound.
 2 On us and all our Race
 His Mercy largely flows;
 His Truth, tho' time runs out apace,
 More bright and stronger grows.

PSAL. 119. *Part the First.*

A L E P H 1.

1 **B**lest are the Men whose perfect ways
 God's purer Laws confine;
 2 Who keep his Word, and all their days
 To him in Heart encline.
 3 No sins to such can pleasing be
 As by his Orders move:
 4 Thou hast commanded, Lord, that we
 Thy Rules should keep and love.

- 5 O that my Feet were guided sure,
Thy stated Paths to tread !
6 So should I live from shame secure
When I thy Precepts tread.
7 I'll praise thee with an upright Heart ;
When I thy Judgments know,
8 I'll keep thy Laws; O ne'r depart
From me, nor stranger grow !

BETH 2.

- 9 How may a Youth his ways improve,
If he thy Word obey ?
10 Thee, Lord, with all my Soul I love,
O never let me stray !
11 I in my Bosom hide thy Word
From sin to guard my Heart :
12 To me, Bless'd God, thy Grace afford,
And all thy Laws impart !
13 Thy Judgments, Lord, my Soul esteems,
My ready Lips declare
14 Thy Word to me more pleasing seems
Than noblest Trèasures are.
15 I on thy Precepts meditate,
Thy Laws before me sett;
16 Thy *Statutes* all my Joys create;
thy Words I ne'r forget.

GIMEL 3.

- 17 Oh let me live, my God! be kind,
so I thy Words shall keep :
18 Unseal my Eyes, by Nature blind,
to view thy Wonders deep.

- 19 O don't from me a Stranger, Lord,
Thy Testimonies hide !
20 For constant Longings for thy Word
My wasting Soul divide.
21 Thy Judgments shock the cursed Proud,
Who from thy Precepts stray,
22 Me, Lord, from flouting Scorners shroud,
For I thy Words obey ;
23 Great Kings in Council curst my Name,
But I thy Statutes chose ;
32 Thy Statutes all my Joys enflame ;
My Counsels all compose.

DALETH 4.

- 25 My Heart, Lord, by thy Word revive ;
Forgive my Sins confess :
26 O keep my fainting soul alive
By thy Instructions blest !
27 O let me know thy Precepts, so
Their Wonders I'll explore :
28 My Heart with wasting Cares brought low
By thy kind Word restore !
29 From me all Lying ways remove ;
To me thy Laws impart ;
30 For all the paths of Truth I love ;
Thy Judgments fill my Heart.
31 I to thy Laws adhere ; dear God,
My Life from shame discharge :
32 I'll run the ways thy Saints have trod,
If thou my Heart enlarge.

[39]

HA 5.

- 33 Lord, teach me thy commanded Way,
And I'll observe it still ;
34 Thy Laws explain'd before me lay,
Thy Laws my Heart shall fill.
35 O make me regularly tread,
For I thy Dictates love ;
36 Let no false Lusts my Heart mislead
While by thy Rules I move.
37 From Vanity divert my Eyes,
And make me live to thee :
38 Thy Word, on which my Soul relies,
Make good, dear Lord, to me.
39 From me Reproach and Scandal take ;
To me thy Judgments give :
40 I for thy Prcepts long ; O make
Me by thy Justice live.

VAU 6.

- 41 Thy Mercy, thy Salvation too,
Engag'd on me bestow ;
42 So shall I dash the scornful Crew ;
My Faith shall stronger grow.
43 Never, O never, Lord, withdraw
Thy faithful Word from me ;
44 So thy just Judgments and thy Law
My constant Guides shall be.
45 My happy course I'll freely steer
In thy Commands secure.
46 Thy Testimonys Kings shall hear,
Yet I no Shame endure.

47 I'll

47 I'll in thy lov'd Commands delight,
48 For them my Hands I'll raise;
Thy Statutes study Day and Night,
And thy Injunctions praise.

ZAIN 7.

49 Thy Promise Kind remember, Lord,
In which thou mad'st me trust;
50 Thy word my drooping Soul restor'd,
Reviv'd my mouldring Dust.
51 The scoffing Proud my Soul deride,
Yet I thy Laws pursue,
52 Thy Judgments o're my Thoughts preside
And oft my Joys renew.
53 I trembled at their threatening fate
Who from thy Precepts stray'd;
54 But them I in my banish'd state
My daily Musick made.
55 Lord, on thy Name I muse by Night,
And keep thy Righteous Laws.
56 Such Blessings from thy favouring sight
A just Obedience draws.

C H E T H 8.

57 Thou'rt all my Portion, Lord; I said
I'de keep thy sacred Word,
58 And for thy Grace devoutly pray'd,
Thy Grace, Dear Lord, afford!
59 I weigh'd my Works and so thy Ways
My careful Footsteps trace'd:
60 And that I might thy Laws obey
I flew with winged Hast.

- 61 Tho' impious Crouds my fall devise,
 I can't forget thy Ways,
 62 But I, when I at midnight rise,
 Thy righteous Judgments praise.
 63 I love their Company who fear
 Thy Name, and keep thy Word.
 64 Thy Mercys round the World appear;
 Thy Statutes teach me Lord !

T E T H. 9

- 65 Lord, from thy Hands I Good receive,
 For all thy Words are true;
 66 Teach me, since I thy Laws believe,
 Good Sense and Knowledge too !
 67 I sinn'd till by Afflictions taught
 Thy sacred Words to know.
 68 All good for me thy hands have wrought
 To me thy Statutes show !
 69 The Proud assault my Soul with Lyes,
 But I sincerely move
 70 And while their Hearts with Pleasures rise,
 Thy Laws entirely Love.
 71 Lash'd by thy Rod, my Heart inclines
 to keep thy Laws with care,
 72 Those Laws that richer far than Mines
 Of Gold or Silver are.

I O D 10.

- 73 Thy Hands have made and fashion'd me ;
 Thy Judgments let me know !
 74 So thy pleas'd Saints my Care shall see,
 While in thy Paths I go.

- 75 I know thy Judgments, Lord, are Just ;
 Thy Love afflicted me :
 76 Make good thy Word! my Comforts must
 Alone descend from thee.
 77 Lord, send thy Mercies ! quicken'd so,
 I'll in thy Laws delight.
 78 Let Shame the treach'rous Proud o'erthrow
 I'll keep thy Laws in sight.
 79 O let thy Saints, who know thy Will,
 All on my Part appear !
 80 When my sound Heart thy Statutes fill,
 I no Disgrace can fear.

C A P H 11.

- 81 Thy Health my longing Soul desires,
 And on thy Promise waits ;
 82 And to thy Comfort, while't aspires,
 My Visual strength abates.
 83 My Youth with parching Grief decays,
 Yet I thy Laws retain ;
 84 O let thy Judgments, in *my Days*,
 My barbarous Foes restrain !
 85 The Proud for me their Pits have made,
 Against thy righteous Law ;
 86 From them, Lord, by thy faithful Aid
 Thy injur'd Servant draw !
 87 They'd almost ruin'd me, but I
 Ne'r from thy Precepts went :
 88 In Mercy raise my Soul ! I'll try
 to keep thy Testament.

L A M E D 12.

- 89 Firm, Lord, as Heaven thy Promise stands,
 90 Thy Truth from age to age :
 The World, fram'd by thy mighty Hands,
 Stands by thy Patronage.
 91 All by thy Counsels are insur'd,
 And faithful Service pay ;
 92 Yet Woes my Ruins had procur'd,
 But that I kept thy way.
 93 I'll ne'r forget thy Precepts kind,
 Since oft by them reviv'd.
 94 I'm thine, O save me ! for my Mind
 Has on thy Precepts liv'd.
 95 The Wicked wait to ruine me ;
 Yet since thy Laws I know,
 96 I'th' end of all Perfection see
 Those only larger grow.

M E M 13.

- 97 Lord, how I love thy Law ! in it
 I daily meditate
 98 Thy Precepts my improving Wit
 Above my Foes dilate.
 99 Thy Testimonies teach me more
 than all my Teachers know ;
 100 I by thy Statutes wise before
 My reverend Elders grow.
 101 My Feet from wicked ways declin'd
 To keep thy sacred Word : [Mind,
 102 Thy wondrous Judgments pleas'd my
 With Heavenly Wisdom stor'd.

D

103 Hony

103 Hony to those pure Sweets must yield
With which thy Words are blest ;

104 For I, by thy wise Precepts fill'd,
All lying Ways detest.

NUN 14.

[guide,

105 Thy Words bright beams my Footsteps
And fill my Paths with Light ;

106 I've sworn, and as by Oath I'm ty'd,
I'll keep thy Judgments right.

107 Idye with Griefs ; O by thy Word
My fainting Soul revive :

108 Accept my willing Praises, Lord,
To me thy Judgments give.

109 Tho' in my Hands my life I bear,
I can't forget thy Law ;

110 Nor can the Sinner's crafty snare
From that my Soul withdraw.

111 Thy Word a Portion was design'd
For my rejoycing Heart :

112 My Heart, to all thy Laws enclin'd,
From them can never part.

SAMECH 15.

113 I love thy Laws ; but those that own
All false Religions hate :

114 Thou art my Covering Shield alone,
And on thy Word I wait.

115 Be gone ye sinful Crew, for I
God's sacred Precepts claim :

116 With promis'd Help my Life supply,
Preserve my Hope from Shame !

117 Sup-

- 117 Support me, then I'm safe, my Joys
Thy Statutes shall secure.
118 Thy Strength those Rebel Fools destroys
Whose Falshoods still endure.
119 I love thy Word, which impious Bands
Like Dross have purg'd away.
120 And the fear'd Judgments of thy Hands
With trembling Aw survey.

G N A I N 16.

- 121 I've done what's just and right ; O save
Me from th' Oppressor's force !
122 Let me thy kind Directions have,
To check Pride's angry course !
123 My Eyes for thy Salvation fail
And Righteous Promises.
124 In Mercy with thy servant deal,
And teach me thy Decrees !
125 O make thy Servant wise ! I'll then
Thy Testimonies know.
126 Help Lord ! it's time, lest impious Men
Thy sacred Laws o'rethrow.
127 For this I love thy Precepts more
Than heaps of purest Gold ;
128 I know their Justice, but abhor
The Paths which Lyes uphold.

P E 17.

- 129 Thy Testimonies wondrous are,
With them my Thoughts advise ;
130 Thy Words explain'd new Truths de-
And make the simplest wise. [clare

D 2

131 Thy

- 131 Thy Words more sweet than cooling
To fainting Spirits are : [Winds
132 That Pity those who love thee find
Let me thy Servant share !
133 If by thy Rules thou fix my ways,
No Sin shall conquer me.
134 Me, Lord, from Man's Oppression raise,
Thy Laws my Guides shall be.
135 Smile, Lord, on me, and let thy Laws
Thy Servant's Soul convert !
136 Floods fall from my sad Eyes, because
Bold Men thy Laws desert.

TSADDI 18.

- 137 Justice in Thee's Essential, Lord,
And all thy Judgments right :
138 Justice and Truth thy Laws afford ;
Thy Laws to both invite.
139 Zeal burns my Heart, because my Foes
Thy sacred Word forget :
140 That Word, which as it purely flows,
On it my Heart is set.
141 Tho' mean and despicable, still
My Soul thy Laws retains ;
142 Thy Laws are Truth, thy righteous Will
From Age to Age remains.
143 To me Delight, tho' compass'd round
With Woes, thy Precepts give;
144 Their Justice every Age has found ;
O make me wise to live !

[47]

K O P H 19.

- 145 I cry aloud ; Lord, hear my Cry !
 I'll keep thy Statutes sure,
 146 I pray, O save me, and I'll try
 Thy Testimonies pure.
 147 My Cries Day's early dawn prevent,
 While for thy Word I wait ;
 148 By Night my wakeful Heart's intent
 On them to meditate.
 149 Hear me in Mercy Lord, and in
 Thy Justice Life supply !
 150 My eager Foes delight in Sin,
 But from thy Judgments fly.
 151 Thou, Lord, art ever near to Thine,
 Thy Precepts all are true.
 152 I knew long since thy Laws divine
 Were strong and lasting too.

R E S C H 20.

- 153 See, Lord, and my sad state relieve,
 I can't thy Laws give o'er :
 154 O plead my Cause ! my Soul retrieve
 And by thy Word restore !
 155 Salvation's far from Sinners, who
 Thy Statutes ne'r pursue ;
 156 But in vast showers thy Mercies flow ;
 My strength, Just Lord, renew.
 157 My bloody Foes abound, but still
 I don't thy Laws decline ;
 158 But see with grief how Sinners will
 Against thy Word combine.

D ;

159 See

- 159 See Lord, I in thy Laws delight,
 In Mercy raise my soul. [right
 160 Truth founds thy Word, thy Judgments
 Shall Times last Strength controul.

SCHIN 21.

- 161 Pursu'd by Kings with causeless Hate
 Yet more thy Words I fear'd.
 162 Thy Words more solid Joys create
 Than conquering Trophies rear'd.
 163 Lyes I with Hate and Scorn disclaim,
 But in thy Statutes trust;
 164 Seven times a day I praise thy Name
 For all thy Judgments just.
 165 They live in peace who love thy Word,
 No Cares disturb their Rest;
 166 I wait for thy Salvation, Lord,
 With thy kind Precepts blest.
 167 My soul thy Testimonies takes,
 And loves exceedingly.
 168 Thy Precepts its employment makes;
 My Ways before thee lye.

THAU 22.

- 169 Lord, let my Crys approach thy Face,
 Thy Dictates make me wise!
 170 My Prayers ascend, and from thy Place
 My promis'd Rescue rise!
 171 My Lips shall then with Praises swell,
 When all thy Statutes taught,
 172 My Tongue on all thy Precepts dwell,
 And Orders justly wrought.

173 Lord,

- 173 Lord, help me with thy gracious-Hand,
 For I thy Precepts chuse ;
 174 I long for thy Salvation, and
 Pure Joys thy Laws infuse.
 175 O let me live and praise thy Name,
 Thy Judgments help my Cause !
 176 And me, poor wandring Sheep, reclaim,
 Who ne'r forget thy Laws.

PSAL. 123.

1 **U**P toward thy Dwelling-place the Skys
 Almighty Lord, to thee
 We raise our sad despairing Eyes,
 Consum'd with Misery,
 2 As some poor beaten Slave would watch
 His angry Master's hands ;
 Or some corrected Maid dispatch
 Her Mistresses Commands.
 Yet view each Look, each turning Glance,
 To find if pitty there
 Would in their smother brows advance,
 Or in their Eyes appear.
 So justly We, chastiz'd for sins,
 In patient silence wait,
 Till God, once more appeas'd, begins
 to raise our mournful state.

3 Pity, O pitty Lord, our Woes !
 O hear our fervent Cries !
 And let thy Vengeance silence those
 Who our sad Fate despise.
 4 Enough, Dear Lord, enough we've born
 the scoffing World's Abuse,
 And all that Insolence and Scorn
 Which *Pride* and *Wealth* produce.

PSAL. 124. *As the 100.*

1 **H**Ad not the Lord our Cause maintain'd,
 Sing out, O Sing with grateful Mind !
 2 Had not the Lord our Part sustain'd,
 When Men of Blood our fall design'd,
 3 Our Land had been at once devour'd,
 All swallow'd by the barbarous foe,
 4 As floods in swelling Tempests pour'd
 At once the neighbouring Plains o'reflow.
 5 So had our happy Days been pass'd,
 Our Hopes, our Joys, our Souls destroy'd,
 Our foes yet scarce appeas'd at last,
 Or their inhumane Entrails cloy'd,
 6 But blest'd, O ever blest'd be He
 whose care, whose love our Souls redeem'd
 And from their Cruel Hands set free !
 His Name be prais'd, his works esteem'd !
 7 We scape'd as little Birds escape
 when just beneath the fowlers hand ;
 Our God disclos'd the fatal Trap,
 And We, thro' him, in safety stand. 8

8 Then let the cruel World combine,
 Let all their secret Malice rise,
 Our Help's at hand, our Hope Divine
 On Him who made the World relys.

P S A L. 128.

1 **H** Appy thrice happy Thou
 Who, in his own best Way,
 Dost to thy great Creator bow
 And his Commands obey !
 2 His Blessings round thee wait,
 And on thy labours rest ;
 Thy meaner but contented State
 With Peace and Safety blest'd.
 3 Like some fair spreading Vine
 With richest fruits o'reborne.
 So thy kind Mates chaste Beautys shine,
 Her Fruits thy Walls adorne.
 The lovely Mother She
 With hopeful Offspring crown'd,
 Her Sons, fair Olive Plants, shall be
 Thy Tables place'd around.
 4 Thus shall the Lord his Grace
 On thee his friend bestow.
 5 To thee from Sions sacred Place
 A thousand favours show,
 Blest'd with a Green old Age
 Thy happy Eys shall see

Thy

Thy still descending Heirs presage
A long Posterity.

6 Thy happy Eys shall see
The Churches Vast encrease,
Secur'd by long felicity,
And Universal Peace.

PSAL. 131.

1 **N**O prides aspiring rage
No swelling thoughts engage
Dear God my Heart to bear a part
With this ambitious Age.
I ne'r at Empire aim'd,
Nor Crowns, nor Scepters claim'd
Nor soard above with wanton Love
of Mysteries enflame'd.

2 But as some Babe at rest
Wean'd from it's Mothers breast
Close Silence keeps with gentle Sleeps
Or smiling Slumbers blest
So, Lord, my soul set free
From careful Vanity,
From Earths delights and unknown Flights
In silence waits on Thee.

3 O ye of Israel's Race
O seek his glorious Face
On him be sure your Faith secure
And his commands embrace.

PSAL.

PSAL. 133. *As the 148. proper Tune.*

1 Sweet Peace, blest'd Unity,
How great thy softning Charms
When mutual Charity

The Souls of Brethren warms,
And soars above
Rough Nature's Jarrs
And sinful Wars,
On Wings of Love!

2 More sweet than Balsams shed
By God's Divine Command
On *Aaron's* sacred Head,
Which all his Vestments stain'd,
And thence distill'd,
God's Holy Place
With Heavenly Grace
And Odours fill'd.

3 More sweet than those soft Dews
Which ancient *Hermon* crown'd,
Or Drops which Clouds diffuse
God's Holy Mount around;
While all below
Kind Warmth prevails,
And fruitful Dales
With plenty flow.

Where such sweet Concord reigns
The God of Peace descends,

The

The Church and State maintains,
And every Tribe defends;
His Blessings fall,
And Life and Ease,
And Boundless Peace,
Extend to all.

PSAL. 134.

- 1 YE who before the Lord
In nightly turns adore,
With Praise his wondrous Acts record,
His gracious Smiles implore!
- 2 Up towards his Holy Place
Your Hands devoutly raise,
And all Occasions lent embrace,
To sing his glorious Praise.
- 3 For He, at whose Command
This ALL from *Nothing* rose,
Great Blessings with a liberal Hand
On all his Church bestows.

PSAL. 145.

- 1 THY Name, my God, my King, I'll raise
Above the lofty Skies;
- 2 Each day thy Holy Name I'll praise,
And grateful Songs devise.
- 3 Great is our Lord, his Glory's great;
No bounds his Greatness knows;
- 4 And age to age his Acts repeat,
His mighty Works disclose.

- 5 My Meditations I'll address
 To search thy wondrous ways ;
 6 Thy strength shall trembling worlds confess
 While I thy Judgments praise :
 7 Thy righteous Truth the World adores,
 to mind thy Goodness brings,
 And all thy Love's unfailing stores
 In grateful Anthems sings.
 8 Our Lord's Compassionate and Kind,
 His Vengeance only slow ;
 9 His Goodness all his Creatures find,
 O're All his Mercies flow.
 10 Thee all thy Works, O God, shall praise,
 And celebrate thy Name :
 Thy Saints shall gladly spend their days
 to spread thy glorious Fame.

The Second Part.

- 11 Thy Might, thy Kingdom, and thy State
 they thro' the World shall show,
 12 Till all thy valiant Acts relate
 thy awful Glories know.
 13 Beyond *Time's* reach thy Empire stands,
 thy Governments endure ;
 14 Thy Word supports the Weak, thy Hands
 their Ease and Help procure.
 15 To thee all raise their longing Eyes ;
 From thee they beg their Food ;
 16 Thy bounteous Hand their want supplies,
 And fills with useful Good.

17 How

- 17 How Just, blest'd God, how gentle all
thy Ways and Works appear !
18 Kind to those Souls which on thee call,
to those who seek thee, near !
19 Thou grantst the pious Suppliants Prayers,
Thou see'st their falling Tears :
Thy Hand relieves their various Cares,
And ends their Doubts and Fears.
20 But all the Wicked World shall find
thy Judgment's dreadful weight,
To thy revenging wrath resign'd,
And unrelenting Hate.
21 Thy Name, blest'd God, my Songs shall
Above the lofty Skies. [raise
To thee all souls shall pay their praise,
And thankful Hymns devise.

PSAL. 150. *As the 148. Proper Tune.*

- 1 O Praise the Mighty Lord,
His Holiness proclaim !
His wondrous Acts record,
And praise his awful Name !
2 His dreadful Might
O celebrate ! His power and state
In songs recite.
3 Praise Him with Trumpets sound,
With sweet-tune'd Harp and Lute ;
Sing all the Chorus round
to cheerful Pipe and Flute,

4 Your

4 Your Voices raise,
The King of Kings with sounding strings
And Organs praise !

5 Wind up the Cymbals high,
Till with a shriller sound
Wide as the vaulted Sky
Your cheerful Notes rebound.

6 With spritely Flame
Each living thing His Glorys sing,
And praise his Name !

DOXOLOGIES.

TO Father, Spirit, Son,
One God in Persons Three,
Be Glory paid, and Homage done
Thro' all Eternity.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Immense, Eternal, Three in One,
By us and all the Heavenly Host
Be Glory paid and Homage done.

To God, Son, Spirit, Father, He
In whom we move and live,
One undivided Trinity
Unceasing Glories give.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
Be Glory paid and Homage done
By all the Heavenly Host ;
By Us and all Mankind, as was
Before Time's course begun ;
As is, and undecay'd shall pass
When Times last moment's run.

AM

All Glory to that Mighty Lord
 Who fram'd the World and all its Host;
 The Father, the *begotten* Word,
 And the *proceeding* Holy Ghost;
 As was e're Time's first race begun,
 As was thro' Time's long race before,
 As is, and ever shall be done
 Till this All sinks, and Time's no more.

To Father, Spirit, Son,
 The glorious Trinity,
 In sacred Essence One,
 All Praise and Glory be,
 As now we see
 And was Time past,
 And shall outlast
 Eternity.

To that Great Lord who rules above,
 The God of Might, of Peace, of Love,
 In Essence One, in Persons Three;
 To Father, Holy Ghost, and Son,
 Each God himself, immense alone,
 One undivided Trinity.
 To Him with Hearts exalted raise
 Your Holy Hymns and Songs of Praise,
 And Glories pay, and Reverence shew;
 So He before Time's birth was bless'd,
 Of These He's now by Right possess'd,
 And These will when Time's done be due.

To Father, Holy Ghost, and Son,
 One bless'd, One glorious Trinity,
 Who fram'd this Universe alone,
 All Honour, Praise, and Glories be.
 So 'twas of old, at present too,
 And shall when Time's run out be due.

FINIS.

ERRATA. P. 13. l. 1. 6 r. *every*; p 17. l. 6. 2 add *is*.
 P. 18. l. 12 6 r. *born*. P. 24 l 12. for *This r T' his*
 P. 37. l. 4. 5 r. *read*; l. 9, add *fin.*? l 10. add *fin* •